



You are Your Own, now.

Inside, when you lie awake at night, you are your own.

That is when you hatch those dreams lain from the sub-conscious.

You are your own.

You are Home.

Home is with heated pool. And if not with heated pool, heated rooms. And if not heated rooms, a warm heart. The home you take with you, amongst the daily comedies, can have all amenities for you to offer the world that is renting your time.

You are Home.

You are Now.

And an amalgam of confederacies known as events, consciousness and feelings in your past, present and future

form the Nation of You that is Now. The Now is an unwritten law that guides over this land.

You are Now.

(-as a side note, you may take these words to be uninspiring if they sound too directed towards the General.

I, personally, am far too ecstatic about reading each line of this poem from your face to stop.)

You are complete.

And your life is a sculpture, unfinished. You can switch from sculpture to music at any time you like.

You are complete.

And you are the counter-melody.

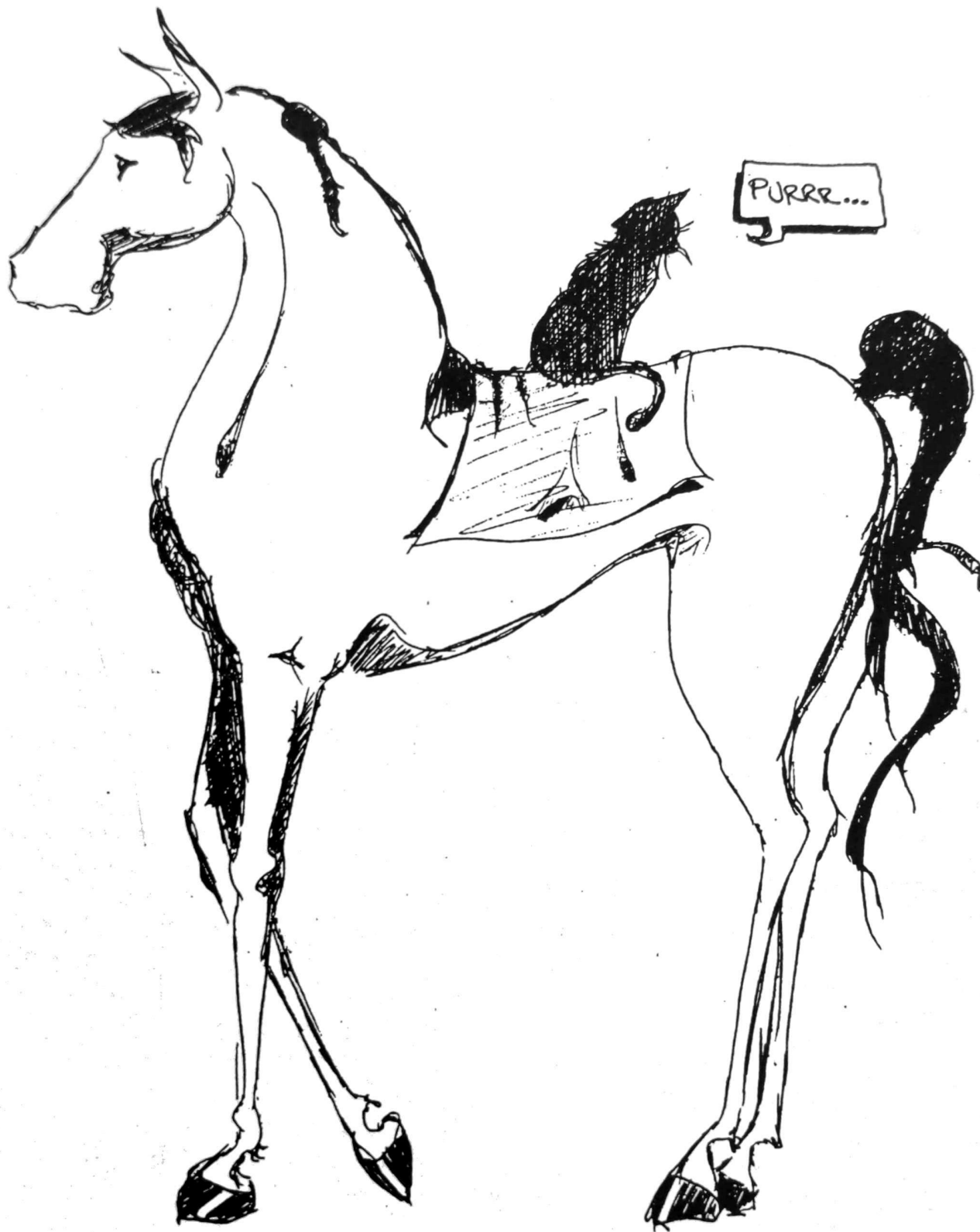
Complex as Bach, dripping river rock tones in the stream through the mountain. Rising up and playing to the world in airplanes, taxis, parks, radios, cafes. You play in harmony with the voice that says, "you May Now Kiss the Bride," even if you only allow the bride to be yourself. You are the holiest of matrimonies.

You are the counter-melody.

You are the blessed and you are the blesser.

Like breath in and out.

- Dustin Aaron Scharlach



And Juan makes three.

Ristorante Giannino's. Harvard Square. Set back in the glorious courtyard of the four-star Charles Hotel. The off-street location especially ideal for the frequent business of famous persona. No sidewalk passerbies or paparazzi to worry about. Also intended for the illustrious patronage, a waitstaff manager adamant on forcing her employees to pretend like they don't even notice (other than the hand over feet slave servitude) when they're waiting on someone that carries a buzz. No chatting, no questions, and absolutely NO AUTOGRAPHS. Ever.

Of course, it's understandable why. Brenda (bitch manager) did have a point that it's only because of the no hassle service that the eminent guests receive with their gourmet Milanese cuisine that they keep coming back for more and spreading the word within their highly acclaimed circles. Perfectly sensible, perfectly respectable. Right.

I never had a problem with it. Rather, I actually enjoyed the practice of speaking with the rich and famous as if they were no more special than any of my other "guests" (as Brenda forced us to call the customers). The only problem with this protocol, being the undying love and adorable fanaticism of a young bus boy named Juan.

He was a thin, baby-faced teenaged Brazilian boy whose mother, Fatima, worked in the kitchen and as part time waitstaff. Juan had an explosive (EXPLOSIVE!!) infatuation with all things U2. Everyday sporting his black baseball cap Bono hat (oversized picture of Bono's face, mid-sing, in the spacey Star Trekian shades that seem to have been glued to his face about four decades ago) and one of his many rotating U2 tees.

And so (as you may have expected) one bright Sunday morning, who should stroll into Giannino's for an early afternoon brunch, but Bono, his wife, and a small entourage of important U2nian faces, including long time manager.

Nicest couple ever. He didn't want tomatoes on his Frittata del Giorno and one of his legs was noticeably longer than the other (made apparent by the different size heels of his platform sandals); she didn't wear any make-up and helped to bus the table after each course. He ate with his shades on. They were casual, friendly, and as sharp as the cheddar they grew up on. Completely unpretentious and engaging and promptly caused me to stop any and all shit talking about U2 that I might have been inclined to indulge in considering I hadn't liked anything that they'd put out since Achtung Baby about eight years before.

Anyway, Juan wasn't there that day. The cruel plight of humanity undressing itself before my very eyes. Every single employee knowing simultaneously that someone had to call him. Hell or high water.

As a matter of fact, about two seconds after Bono and company walked in, were seated, and brought specials and menus and fizzing glasses of Pellegrino, all on-duty waitstaff and busers met together in an empty side room.

Nearly in unison, "Oh holy shit, we've got to call Juan!"

Manager bitch knew right away what was happening. An instant later she found us. "If any of you call Juan, that will be your job. And I mean it." Evil serious eye scanning all of our faces until satisfied with her imposing threat. Exit Brenda.

"Ahh fuck her. We've got to." We were all in agreement. We quickly decided that there was no question about it. He had to be called. We made a pact that when confronted we would each just say that we did it. Like in a scene from some heart-tugging high school drama where everyone joins forces to overcome the corrupt fascist authority. There was absolutely no way that she would fire all of us. Strength in numbers. We were the best waiters and waitresses that she had. It would be *wonderful*. She would be forced to swallow her own ugly foot and do nothing.

So Max did the deed. Less than five minutes later, Juan shows up. Bouncing with joy. Complete with his hallmark Bono hat, Bono t-shirt, rolled-up Bono poster, and ridiculously large camera hanging from around his neck. Ear to Ear shit eating Disneyland grin. I'd never seen anyone gleaming with more excitement in my entire life.

But Brenda saw him coming. All of our minds thinking: "Shit!!! No!! But he's so close!!" She met him in the doorway with a broiling glare and grinding teeth. Smoke escaping through her reddening ears. Sweat forming on brow and neck. "Go away Juan." Through the tightness of her clenched jaw, "Go away right now or YOU ARE FIRED."

His face filled with terror. Mouth dropped. Eyes searching the dining room for just one tiny glimpse of his long time hero. "Go away *NOW* Juan," she repeated. With panic and agony, he turned himself around like a kicked puppy. Continuously looking back over his shoulder for any possible sign of pity. But there was none. Not from fierce Brenda. Rejected, he had no choice but to retreat. Forcing his deflated cheer to walk back across the vast courtyard. All of our hearts sank.

So after a long and leisurely brunch, the Bono party finally finished. They playfully bickered for a moment over who was going to pay the bill and then, after one of the managerial suit-cloaked men won the battle and an excessively generous tip was left for yours truly, they headed for the door. Myself, Brenda, and several other starry-eyed waitstaff casually walked them out of the restaurant and across the outdoor patio. They turned around to wave one last goodbye. At least six of us were standing there smiling, waving, happy family back at them.

We all stood frozen for several seconds watching as they made their way across the fifty yards or so of exquisite flowerbeds and exorbitant roman pillars of the courtyard. And then, just as they were almost to the end, only ten or fifteen yards to go, out from behind a large well-pruned bush, pops our beloved little Juan.

All of our hearts start racing. We could hear Brenda boiling under her skin. Mumbling curses and threats under hot held breath. Every one of us stunned in amazement by his audacity, commitment, inspiration.

But, after leaping out, Juan does nothing. He stands in utter shock of his own impulsiveness. Staring. Wide-eyed like a little frightened fawn in front of oncoming headlights.

Then suddenly, aggressively, Bono steps forward and tears the camera out of Juan's trembling hands. And he looks pissed. I imagine Daddy Warbucks violently hurling the camera of his nameless reporter into a cold marble stairwell. I am so appalled by Bono's hostile behavior. We all are. Stomachs turning for poor little Juan. Out a job and a hero the same freakin' day. It's a devastating moment.

So Bono jerks the camera away from Juan. He holds it up high over his head and looks as if he's two seconds away from throwing it onto the ground. But instead, he pulls the neck hole of his shirt open with his other hand, and, much to all of our surprise (especially Juan and Brenda's) he shoves the camera down his shirt and begins snapping away. He takes a couple more shots of his naked chest and then throws an arm around Juan to bring him in for a picture of both of them together. Bono takes it at arms length. He takes all of them. His wife joins in on the other side of elated Juan. Speechless elated Juan. They do a series of pictures with Juan in the middle, including one with both of them kissing his cheeks. Then they all shake Juan's hand. Hugs and signatures and witnessing heaven on earth for this little bus boy angel. Brenda lets out a deep and constipated sigh followed by a few more breathy grumbles before she turns herself around to go back inside. After a few more minutes of jovial attention, the celebrity bows his goodbye and continues on his way. Juan looks up at all of us watching him, his face white and exuding shock, and then, he leaps off of the ground. Entire body. Both feet. Smiles with an oversized open mouth chuckle and pounds thumb-up fists into the air with sailing victory. Long live U2. Long live the sunglasses.

kona.morris@gmail.com

Any and all resemblances to any noun, proper or otherwise, within this story, are purely the work and wonder of the god of coincidence. The author is therefore not liable to anyone, in anyway, for anything that they may or may not have liked about what she wrote, especially to herself. or to the country of Kazakhstan. This is a legally binding statement, by the way.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A first for Be Brave Bold Robot, a Letter to The Editor! Should we receive any other letters to the Editor, perhaps a column of the same name might arise. But, for now, here is some biting critique from Doug Shackey, apparently an attorney with a penchant for the independent press (praise gods!) and a love of the Sacramento local music scene and the fat people who rock within it, written in response to an editorial that we printed some months ago, and available for your reference on the author's myspace page blog at www.myspace.com/twistedprincesss her blog from April 13, 2007, entitled "The Cry Card". Thanks to Doug Shackey, for reading and thinking and feeling and writing!
- The Editor

Dear BBBR:

I've been a fan of the mighty BBBR 'zine since the third issue, and in these last four years, there has not been even one article that has offended my sensibilities ..until the most recent issue..

"The Cry Card" is by far the most offensive piece of inane drivel I've had the misfortune to lay my eyes upon in quite a while... I'm just blown away that in between peoples' heartfelt

poetry, serious art, and thought-provoking commentary, you saw fit to print the rantings of an obvious hardcore conformist who thinks it's okay to coldly, calculatedly, manipulate people into giving her the emotional rewards she desires. Obviously, someone sick enough to really think and behave this way is at least a borderline sociopath, who objectifies and depersonalizes the people around her without even the faintest hint of remorse.

I turn to the mighty BBBR to open my mind and heart to the viewpoints and creations of others, and I relish the opportunity to hear the voices of those who would
OTHERWISE
BE UNHEARD!

However, if I want to learn how to behave like a permanently wounded emotional cripple reduced to the childish level of sick manipulative interactions with those around me, even those whom I should consider my friends and allies, I'm not going to go looking to the initials BBBR... I'm going to go looking for NBC or ABC or even the dreaded F-O-X!

Maybe I'm naive, but I get the distinct picture that the author of this particular piece watched a lot of "Friends" and "Sex In The City," and

rather than seeing them as parodies of the inane lives of shallow shallow people, saw them as educational primers on how to behave in polite society I guess that's a mistake that a lot of people make in these twisted times, but that mistake should not be compounded by being promoted in the underground press. If you want to fix that mistake, maybe you can print this letter in your "Letters To The Editor" section next issue.

Other than one page that I've already covered up in black Sharpie so as not to befoul my otherwise pristine BBBR collection (back to the third issue, kiddies!), the Spring 2007 rag treated me just fine... I'm guessing that you're affiliated with the band of the same name, and in case I'm correct, I must compliment on the pretty darn decent CD you released a month or so back... Your band seems to change a lot though. Didn't you used to have some fat guys in your band? What happened to them? Those guys rocked!

Peace and Doughnuts,
Douglas Quinton Shackey IV,
ESQ.

Please send any letters to the editor (which would really be "emails to the editor" to deanhaakenson@gmail.com, with the subject line "Dear Editor", or any variation thereof ("Dear Editor MaFaKa", "Dear Sexy", "Dear Dumbass Editor Bitch", etc.)

Mr. Harry Lumpkin was a moderately sized Jungle Elephant. He lived in a hilly jungle expanse that the humans called Gir, that was located in the Northwest region of a place the humans called India. Harry just called it Home. He had a cousin named Peter Lumpkin, who lived in another part of the jungle, a part of the jungle where there weren't so many Lions, and life was a bit more, shall we say, relaxed. They grew up together, Harry and Peter, and Harry's parents taught him that it was very important that he always love his family. They would say things like,

"We won't always be here to protect you, Sweet Harry, but our love for you will live on in the closeness you share with your family..."

So Harry kept close to his family, and so saw more and more of them captured by the humans and forever taken away, each experience holding an amount of terror that far outweighed and diminished any anxiety related to his life in the Wild Jungle. Lions, pffft, he welcomed their scratches might it mean one more moment without humans in sight or mind. And a formidable Foe the Lions were. Over the years he had many battles with the Asiatic Lions (and other big cats) populating the part of the jungle where he lived. As one does, he got used to them. Although every attack was blatantly brought by them with full force, and fatal intention, Harry could tell that the Lions were used to him as well, and whether it was that they respected him, or just that they enjoyed the fray, he had lost all fear that whatever fight he happened to find himself in, might be his last. His war torn and tattered ears (and the accompanying scars his body over) presented a disheveled wreck of a beast, but Harry's insides were as Confident, Honest and Triumphant as an elephant's could ever be.

Harry's family had dwindled to just one other, his cousin Peter. Peter's part of the jungle was farthest away from most of the rivers, and so, farthest away from most of the jungle's inhabitants. Peter had long ago found himself a comfortable cave to call home, and, somehow managed to befriend enough Monkeys that, assumingly in exchange for cohabitation in his cave and his protection, Peter was provided for in several ways. The monkeys brought water, the monkeys brought food, and the general humor of monkeys, however derisive and fecal, was something that Peter had grown to love.

Harry would visit Peter often, both of them childless, elephants becoming scarce, and they being the only family each other had, Harry could not resist. He visited Peter so often that Peter never thought to visit him, although it is suspect that Peter would have even bothered. Peter was a dick. He was deliberately condescending to Harry on most occasions. the sort of deliberate hoity toity offhandedness that becomes so habitual for the perpetrator that they actually find the routine normal and let their behavior fade into the realm of the socially inept...unable to curry favor with those that know any better. Peter referred to himself as "King Peter" whenever possible. He insisted others, consisting of Harry, the monkeys and the occasionally attentive bird, call him "King Peter" as well, and, yes, it was very annoying. Harry's tolerance of Peter's bad behavior was divinely impossible. Wise and forgiving, Harry knew that Peter was a titan without purpose, and pitied him for it. Peter, afraid of being wrong, bullied others into believing that he was right: Afraid of the wilderness around him, Peter convinced himself that he was better off being King of the cage that he had created for himself. Harry knew this, yet embraced his cousin with a love and sharing that could never reveal that fact.

Peter would go out walking away from his cave ONLY in the company of Harry, something he would never admit, and the long walks were enjoyed by them both. It was during these walks, the two of them alone and familiar, that Peter would let his sarcastic guard down, and laugh, and cry, and commiserate with Harry about how much he longed for a mate, and how they both missed their parents. The walks were still fraught with Peter's disrespectful tone, but there was produced a calm satisfaction that only such conversational connections can bring. Rarely were their walks interrupted by any other animals, any Large animals, as they remained fairly near to Peter's cave, away from where the "action" was ...but one day.

Stealthily from the brush, right out in the middle of their walking path, a very serious looking and very large Lion presented himself. Peter froze, mid-sentence and mid-stride, and Harry watched a look of terror fill his eyes. Harry turned his eyes to the Lion, about five meters in front of them, and felt something resembling fear rise inside him, fear for Peter's safety, fear of an ambush. Harry didn't recognize this lion.

nt
"It's okay Peter, we're bigger than him and there's two of us", Harry said, loud enough for the lion to hear, as he scanned the surrounding trees for other lions...he saw one, but it was walking the other direction, no indication of a pack...

ed
"What do you want?! Leave us alone!!" Harry roared. Peter stood frozen.

The cat spoke tersely, in a growl, "GRRRR I'll tear some more of your ears apart, I will...GRRR fight me Elephant!! Fight ME!!!!"

"We don't need to do this, Lion, but HAVE AT ME!!! You CAN'T HURT ME AND I'M GOING TO SQUASH YOU!!!"

The Lion leapt at Harry, as Harry rushed towards him. Peter lumbered to the side, still frozen, and watched as Harry's legs were scratched to bleeding, as Harry reared up and attacked with his front legs. The second rearing leg attack by Harry brought his left side down firmly on the Lion's rear leg, snapping it. The Lion made an injured yelp and stumbled off into the jungle as fast as he could. Harry, fairly calm and unrattled, turned to Peter, who was still staring in shock,

his face a mask of confusion. Harry chuckled,

"you okay Peter?...that was something, huh...Damn....I'm glad he didn't have friends with him..."

"OH Thank You THANK YOU HARRY!...I thought I was going to die! My God, Thank YOU!"

Peter eked out a tear, relaxed a bit, and followed Harry as he urged them back to Peter's cave.

Peter never mentioned the incident much after that (the story was told a good number of times right after it happened, to the monkeys, Harry always present, always by Peter, with flourishing trunk movements and exaggerated danger details, always silently filling Harry with pride) and Peter was still pretty much the same dick that he always was, as old habits die hard. But that moment changed everything, and Peter began to show Harry more respect, and more love than he ever had before, and they grew old together, and walked around in the jungle often.





I spent most of my time staring at my hand. The right hand. The fingers curled and the nails were uncut. My thumb was swollen and my palm full of scars. I found my hand to be the most interesting thing none-the-less.

I tried to look at other things but wound up throwing up blood from beyond my throat. The only thing that comforted me was the clenching and unclenching of my right hand. I stared at it for three days. I sweated. I froze. Music hated my ears. Food tore at my stomach. The bed sheets clawed at my skin. I would have been happy dead.

My uncle is a New Born Christian. He is one of those people who dance and shake and shivel and shrive when the preacher man says "amen." Before the baptism and the glory of God he was a lot like me. Pill pushing. Vein popping. Alcohol guzzling. Anything up for running. Then a Volkswagen bus rolled over his head. Something happened to him while he was unconscious. I believe he became sober. And he became sober while being unconscious. Perhaps God talked to him, as he says. But I know he lost something, something in the mind. All the same he withdrew with a bandage on his head and a nurse by his side. I withdraw staring at my right hand.

In his sophomore year my uncle stole his father's boat and got lost at sea. It was the Sixties by then. People believed the suburbs were the beginning of America, and Vietnam was only about to exist. He treaded the sea for three days before the Coast Guard found him. When the plane spotted the boat they dropped smoking bombs around the ship to let the ground crew know where the stranded vessel was. My uncle didn't understand why he had to be bombed to be rescued. When he graduated he spent a small time playing professional football for the Chargers, then got drafted. Vietnam became real. And he understood why they dropped smoke bombs.

Thanksgiving the family gets drunk and begins to tell stories. I lay back, whiskey in hand, and listen. The most interesting stories concern my uncle when he was a child. But only when he was a child. The years and letters and phone calls from Vietnam are on restriction. You can see it in his eyes. He won't talk about it, but he has killed. And I believe he has killed many. When he returned, he returned a junky. The stories from the jungle must never be heard. People only talk of what they want to be known. Some things are never meant to reach others' ears.

My uncle knows I have a problem. He knows because of the time he spent before God jumped into his mind. A junky can see a junky across state. Reformed or not. I nod and shift my feet. When he says God bless you, I tug at my shirt and say good to see you. He takes a long glance, maybe waiting for God to grab my soul, then turns and makes his way to the car.

His daughter is dead. His wife's son is dead. One died of skin cancer; the other died of military action. God doesn't seem to love them. But they love God. I love them, but not God.

My uncle traveled through the country by thumb. When he would be stopped, by the blue and red lights, he would be transported to another state where warrants were waiting for him. He said it was the best way to travel. It was for free. And his warrants were only for vagrancy. He would spend two days in jail, food paid, and then leave.

He says weird things now days, like about taking a trip to Australia, flying through the sun along the way, and watching sparkling bubbles pop before his eyes. He has stopped trying to preach the bible to me lately, so we talk about literature from his youth, which we have both read. When names like Kesey and Kerouac and Burroughs come up, a light shines in his eyes, a special glint of himself before the Volkswagen rolled over his head.

You are a skinny white boy, maybe twenty years, slightly older than most of your crew, but you're the skinniest. A soft but sharp whistle comes from your left. Somebody has found a hole. A bunker hole. You already know your duty before you are commanded, because you are the skinniest. You hand your machinegun to a shaky hand, scared eyed kid of eighteen, put your handgun between your teeth, and then go head first into the hole. It is dark. The only sounds are you scuffling, your hands out in front of you like antennae, dirt going up your nostrils. You want to sneeze. These holes weren't built for a white boy, no matter how skinny. Then you can see the outlines of your hands. A light flickering at the end of the tunnel. You want your gun but the tunnel is too narrow for you to reach between your teeth. You want a grenade to just blow the whole thing away, but you're in the middle now. If you hear the high pitch chirping of voices your heart begins to drum the beat of war, your eye sight goes gray, your pores open all over your body and sweat makes you think you have pissed yourself. If all is quiet your bowels feel a momentary sense of peace—perhaps they already saw the squadron coming and had deserted the bunker, but that only meant they were waiting somewhere in the jungle; but you are out of danger for the moment; but they could just be sitting silent with guns in hand—even the feeling of peace brings dread. The hole widens slightly and you are able to reach your gun. You take a deep breath, grind your teeth, then push yourself out into the light.

I have seen pictures of my uncle after the war. One, my mother's high school graduation, he is hugging her. She looks proud and innocent in her cap and gown. He looks like a beaten up, hollow eyed Jesus. His hair is long and blond, down to his waist; a large beard hanging dusty from his chin. In his grin a front tooth is missing from a drug deal gone bad. He is wearing something like a gown, the whiteness stained and rumpled in grime. It's his eyes though—he is stoned and therefore his smile is genuine happiness for his younger sister—but fear is twirling like morning storm clouds within his irises.

He wandered the country for twenty years. When he wasn't in jail, or hitching rides with cops, he was sleeping in parks or under bridges, and riding shotgun with truckers. Somewhere along the way he had a child, a daughter. I'm not sure he was ever a father in the sense of love and caring. But there was one Thanksgiving where my uncle, his wife, her son, and his daughter all showed up amidst the slow falling snow of Bend, Oregon to partake in family festivities. The only time I ever saw them all together.

We had a good time eating turkey beside the open wood fire. Stories of my uncle's disobedient youth made people chuckle and put on an air of good humor. We took a walk afterwards to digest the feast. My uncle told jokes. His daughter laughed, though I don't know if she ever loved him. He just wasn't around—until the Volkswagen. I never met the mother. The daughter lived in San Diego. She spent some time in the hospital that year before she died of melanoma. She was a beautiful girl as I remember it; short red hair, fair skin, slim body. My uncle's stepson was short, handsome, a thick skull of dark hair. He died trying to make a mobile bridge across a short river for tanks to move across—crushed somewhere in the foldings. Neither of them reached mid-twenties.

My uncle's eyes no longer show fear. There is only a dim shadow of deep sadness, the rest is glazed over by his belief in God. We play cribbage. He always wins. "Ask anybody", he says, "I'm the Champion."

I withdrew for three days staring at my right hand. Clenching and unclenching. My uncle withdrew from drugs unconscious. A bandage around his head and a nurse beside his bed. But, really, it was never about drugs. A heavy burden of meaning may weigh a person down beyond intoxication. The fear of wondering if you are only lucky to be alive, or chosen by fate or God, forever haunting you in the restless hours when the moon creams through the parted drapes and there is nothing to do but toss and imagine the torture of the past. And knowing you are only here because others, whom you only met for a brief second—perhaps your eyes met theirs, and perhaps they were only a movement in the foliage, before you spun the gun—are not here, or there, or anywhere.

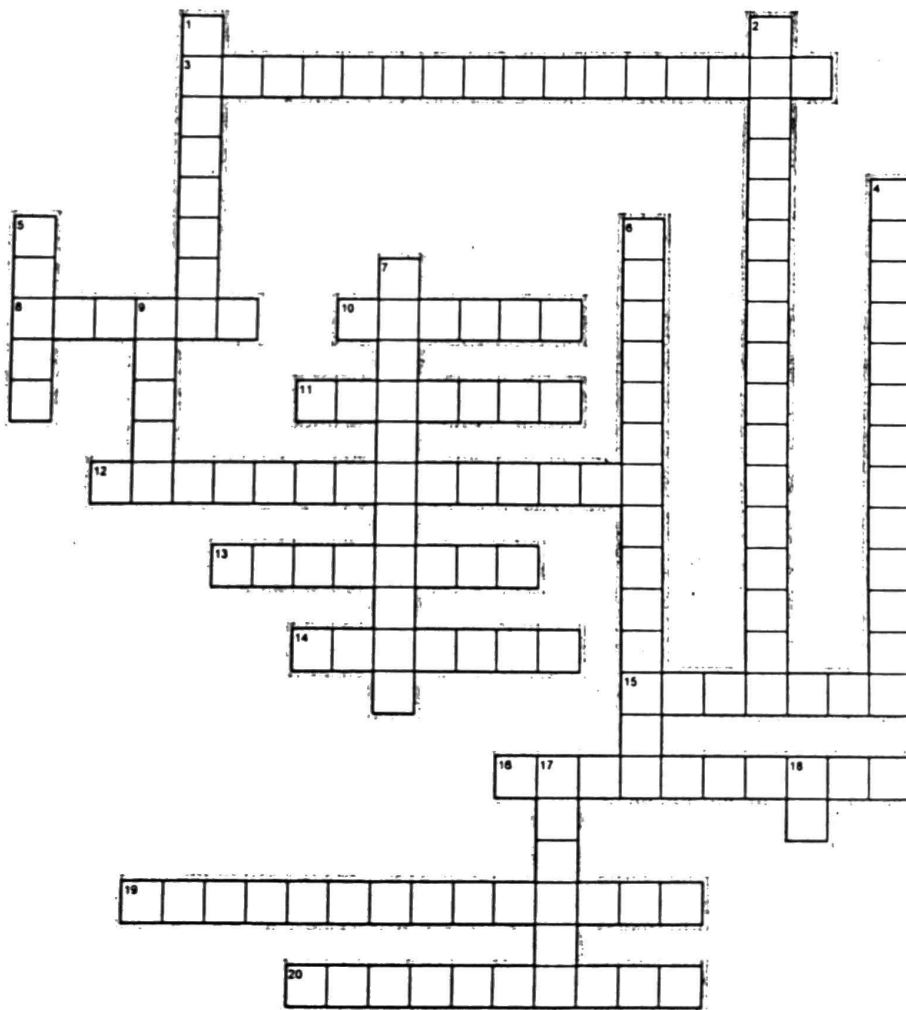
Thirty something years of withdrawing from fear and guilt, shame and blame could drive anybody to look for meaning in any possible place—and for that sort of Meaning, a person can only go one of two ways: to God, or to Anarchy—because I know you can't stare at your right hand for thirty years.

DOWN

1. through repetition, building an immunity to instinctually NOT doing a thing.
2. catchphrase of a SuperHero in the Marvel Comics Universe, whose third incarnation existed in a 10 issue comic book miniseries from 1990; ALSO the name for a particularly popular betting game in the "sport" of Golf. (three words)
4. The name given to the philosophical view held by Friedrich Nietzsche, purporting that the ever-growing nature of our secular and scientific society had "killed" the Christian God, and would eventually lead to the loss of any "Universal" perspective on things, and any coherent sense of objective truth...leaving us with only our own multiple, diverse, and fluid perspectives, and no one unified concept of anything. "God is Dead".
5. word originating from the 1921 play "R.U.R." by Czech playwright Karel Capek.
6. First non-Indigenous person to visit the Sacramento Valley, and give it its name. (two words)
7. Mayan Prophet who prophesized that "If Humanity Wishes To Save Itself From Biospheric Destruction It Must Return To Living in Natural Time", and that the deadline is marked by the date December 21, 2012 A.D. (two words)
9. to go on and on
17. Physicist whose third law of motion states: "For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction."
18. to ___ or not to ___

ACROSS

3. Obsessive Love of Robots
8. To ___ Go Where No Man Has Gone Before
10. made popular by Physicist Jon Villalva, the new best way to pronounce and spell and relish in the imprecation "MotherFucker"
11. courage; the thing that makes us face our fears.
12. coined by Timothy Leary and popularised by Robert Anton Wilson, the name for the subconscious set of mental "filters", individualized and unique to each of us alone, formed from our beliefs and experiences, through which we all interpret this same physical world differently. (two words)
13. Aramaic (phonetic) for "skull", as in the hill where Jesus hung to death on a cross
14. Unique among "Line Flowers" (flowers that bloom florets in a row up and down the stem of the flower), as the only Line Flower that blooms from the top, down (the top flowers bloom before the bottom ones).
15. M.A.D.D. is one, N.A.S.A. is one, but F.B.I. and N.A.A.C.P. are not.
16. incapable of being satisfied
19. the buying and renovation of houses and stores in deteriorated urban neighborhoods by upper- or middle-income families or individuals, thus improving property values but often displacing low-income families and small businesses.
20. aside from the IRIS, the only flower that has a naturally occuring and "true" (not a shade of purple) Blue colour.



I, Dean Haakenson, am of enough “sound mind and body” as to never have been sent to a mental institution and to have never been presented with an intervention by my family and/or friends for gross obesity, and the following predictions for 2008 came to me in my dreams:

1)

It will become “Official” in the American Vernacular (Radio DJs Nationwide will joke about it, and it will be mentioned on Saturday Night Live’s Weekend Update satirical news show segment), that the phrase “Death and Taxes” will become “Death and Taxes and Junk Mail and SPAM”, which will quickly become abbreviated by many as “DTJS”. The abbreviation will be made popular (in some circles) by a new World Wrestling Entertainment Star calling himself Mr. Business, “DTJS” being his signature move (which will involve a first for signature wrestling moves, whereupon Mr. Business Body Slams his opponent and then Farts in his or her face....of course, the Farting sound will always be simulated over the stadium loudspeakers...)

- As a side prediction, the famed “Jerky Boys”, who used to make those prank phone call record albums, are asked to provide the farting sound effects for Mr. Business, thus bringing them back into the limelight, and setting the stage for them to release more prank phone call albums...these new albums centered around the advent and popularity of cell phones, creating slightly more interesting, but not really, Jerky Boys album tracks.

2)

For the first time in “recorded” history, it will become statistical fact that there are more people in the world in possession of image capturing devices (cell phone cameras, digital cameras, pen cameras, film cameras, movie cameras of smaller and smaller varieties, etc.), than there are people in possession of a basic knowledge and familiarity with Emergency Medical Procedures (Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation, the basics of the human anatomy/vascular system/main arteries, how to give an effectual HUG, etc.)

3)

Finally, Jesus will come back to us, to the planet Earth, from Heaven. He will appear with a "pop", in bright daylight, next to some schoolchildren and an older woman, on the not so busy corner of East 41st Street and 2nd Avenue, in Manhattan, New York. Two of the Schoolchildren will have Cell Phones with cameras in them, and the older woman will have a digital camera, which she will have just learned how to use, which captures fairly high quality moving picture images and passable audio of Jesus' most recent message to his creation, which will be broadcast worldwide mere hours later. He will explain that for several decades now there has been a book on Earth that was meant to replace the Bible, "The Sirens of Titan", by Kurt Vonnegut.

"...It would appear that not as many people have paid attention to the book as we might have hoped, so we thought that it needed to be brought to your attention....It's a new book, for a new age, My Children, Here Me Now! Go forth and produce more copies....."

The Catholic Church will somehow manage to procure a few square blocks encompassing the coveted East 41st and 2nd Ave. Corner in Manhattan, making the small area an enclave of The Vatican City, erecting walls and a shrine. The older woman who filmed the Jesus appearance will have to walk farther out of her way to get to her home, which she won't be too upset about as she will be able to pay her mortgage off in full, and buy the place next door, with the money she will make from her camera's contents. The ensuing battle over the publishing rights to "The Sirens of Titan" will become so "important", heated and intense as to cause several major wars and finally encourage the aliens that have been watching us to intervene.

4)

Aliens will come down to the planet and ask the powers that be why they are doing what they are doing "with the wars and the dying and the FAH-MINNN?!" (a youthful Jerry Lewis has found his way into their shriveled green hearts as well). Our Leaders will have forgotten if they were fighting over Oil, or Power, or Old Religion, or New Religion, and the Alien Inquisitor will remark to each fumbling one,

"you are the weakest link, GoodBye!", as He or She or It freezes them with a ray gun, and transporter beams them to the Alien Ship for rehabilitation. The whole fiasco will take a matter of hours, most people will not notice, and when the aliens zap away, they will have left a fairly healthy, thawed out and reanimated Dr. Timothy Leary in the mostly vacant oval office. In his pocket, he will have a piece of alien paper containing simple instructions, written in English, on how to read people's minds. The Aliens will return within a matter of months to drop off the enlightened Leaders and take Dr. Leary back...because they will have missed his company.

5)

It will seem as though everybody in the world will begin to call “Submarine” sandwiches, “Grinders”, and the phrase will be heard much more often, “It feels like Potato Weather.”

6)

The newest “Thang” in the pop culture fashion show kiddie roller coaster of mainstream music will be – Cover Songs...songs written and made popular by other people, long ago. Bands will gain access to industry money and fame based solely on an arsenal of cover songs that they can perform, and the corporate enablers of this won’t even think to inquire as to the existence of any “original” material. These new Rock Stars will make new music videos that will almost always contain scenes of TV Screens showing images of the song’s originator or the old music video that the originator had made. New Albums will take the form of 100 track medley mixes of cover song snippets, most in 10 second lengths so as to be easily uploadable to cell phones for use as ring tones. New bands will be formed for the sole purpose of playing cover songs, in an attempt to “make it big”, and it will actually be overheard at band rehearsals, conversations the likes of:

“No No, that’s too weird...it’s not familiar enough, try going from the A, to D....yeah, YEAH, that sounds like that Meat Pantry Cover of that 311 Cover of that Joni Mitchell song!...sweet...”

“Yeah, but dude, I think The Purples are covering that one...”

7)

Ron Paul will become President of The United States, many of his followers unaware of his religious fanaticism, but he will immediately try to enact a two part piece of legislation to have it be mandatory that unborn fetuses 1) be allowed to carry and apply a Vote in coming elections, to be determined by the political persuasion of the unborn fetus’ BIOLOGICAL parents, and 2) in cases where the unborn fetus’ biological parents are both Republican, the unborn fetus must be baptized in the womb before the middle of the seventh month, to be called the Seventh Month Wretch (because of the nausea induced by the mother’s oral intake of the large gel capsule containing vitamin fortified “Holy” Water, which religious scientists believe will “make it to the baby eventually”).

This brash move by Ron Paul will gain little notice in comparison to the good job he does of launching a national campaign to empower regional communities to take care of their homeless problems.

8)

A long time employee at the Comcast Cable Corporation will hack into the Comcast Cable Network Mainframe. His well thought out plan will enable a simultaneous broadcast, on every channel, including On Demand, of four uninterrupted hours of prerecorded footage of the Pacific Ocean, lapping up against some rocks, with an audio overdub of the rogue employee reading from Kurt Vonnegut's 1991 Novel "Hocus Pocus". He will have been several hours outside of town by the time Comcast Authorities are able to repair the network, never to be seen again. It will never be determined if this Kurt Vonnegut Comcast incident is related to the revelation of a miraculously appearing Jesus months later.

9)

Sacramento Leaders running the entire spectrum (Religious, Political, Financial, The Artistic Community, The Elderly...especially The Elderly) will get sick and tired of asking the age old question, "What the heck ever happened to the good old days?!...the way Sacramento used to be....this used to be a bustling yet nature-esque oasis of the Valley!!", and they will force themselves to come up with an answer and that answer will be...Floods. Sacramento used to flood all the time, so in an effort to recreate the experience, the levees will be loweredand Sacramento still won't flood because The Earth has taken away our rain privileges.

10)

Every single person born on or between the dates of January 1, 1979, and December 31, 1988 ...will get made love to, at least once, in the year 2008.

So, to recap: If you are in your twenties in the year 2008, you will get laid. If you are out of your twenties during that time, you must try harder. Ways to try harder at getting laid include: Reading Kurt Vonnegut's divine novel "The Sirens of Titan", so that you can muse about religion, should such sensitive conversations arise; Voting for anyone in the 2008 Presidential election, whom you find to be more Interesting than Safe, because "The Change America needs" has almost always never been "The Safest Bet" (right?!); Eating more potatoes than Grinders, or maybe equal amounts, as Grinders can be fairly healthy when made with love and lots of tomatoes; Watching Nature shows more often than not, or, better yet, going to Nature when time permits; Refamiliarizing yourself with how your body works (and maybe even how your sexual partner's works as well, If ya know what I mean); and lastly, lovingly, Try not to pass along or originate too much SPAM...the correspondence, not the meat product (which although bacon-y when fried, should probably be avoided as well).

Happy New Year and Good Luck.



Be Brave Bold Robot, Spring 2008, Sacramento, California, USA, Earth. All pieces property of piece makers. No reprinting or anything smarmy like that, please, without permission, at least. so for that permission, or contact with Piecemakers/Peacemakers or to contribute something, anything (drawings, text, rubbings) or vent, or confess your sins, or find out the crossword puzzle answers, please email deanhaakenson@gmail.com. If you would like to post or find out about quality Sacramento area musical performances, go to www.undietacos.org. Please and Thank You. And thanks for reading Zines. Zines are fun and people should read them and make them. All the time. Sure, some "suck", but usually I have found that it is only an initial impression because zines (those sexy little packets of emotion jelly) are presented in such a subjective format that it takes a bit of exposure, and usually repeated exposure, to appreciate them, as moods and appreciation change and flux with each other and with the weather and with our individual trials and tribulations and, gods forbid, traffic violations. But, they deserve a chance like anything else, Zines, and you just might find yourself pleasantly surprised. Pages 7 and 8 contain Dean Haakenson's words and Jake Gleason's images.

Covers and Center by Brooke L. Ink (B.L.Ink...get it! She's clever.) at inkandesent@gmail.com.